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# MY DREAMS

JOHN MATHER DOLPH

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John Mather Dolph

# My Dreams

Dedicated to the
Friends of

## John Mather Dolph

in Loving Memory by
His Children

April, Nineteen Hundred Eleven

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by
Bertha D. Gumaer

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# My Dreams

To Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wilson
In loving sympathy

■ ■ ■

SIT and dream in the twilight,
When the work of the day is done,
And my friends all gather round me
And I greet them one by one.

Some are the friends of my childhood,
Who now are wrinkled and gray,
But the faces I see in my dreaming,
Are the faces of children at play.

No taint of the world's pollution,
No traces of evil are there,
For all of the friends of my dreaming
Are free from all sorrow and care.

## My Dreams

Some are the friends of my boyhood,
Whom I loved in the long ago,
But I see not the men of the present,
But the boys whom I used to know.

There is one, the possessor of millions,
And his face is lined with care,
But the face I see in my dreaming
Is a boyish face and fair.

And some are my friends of the present,
The friends whom I meet day by day,
But their faces show only their goodness
And the evil has slipped away.

And one is a winsome maiden
With a wealth of sunny hair,
Her heart was loving and tender
And her face divinely fair.

But a mother's fond devotion
And a father's love and home,
Were ties too slender to hold her
When the Master bade her "Come."

So the angel came and took her
Away from her home below,
And the chorus of Heaven is richer
Because of the loss, we know.

We know that she waits our coming,
Where the "Many Mansions" be,
And the face I see in my dreaming
Is the face that the angels see.

So I love to dream in the twilight,
When the work of the day is done,
And the friends who gather round me
Are spotless every one.

And when life's twilight is ended
And I go to my bed to rest,
May I greet all these dreamland faces
In Heaven among the blest.

# The Seat of Learning

HE seat of learning, so 't is said,
Is always stationed in the head,
But classic lore and letters too,
Combine to make the stockings blue,
And knowledge, by the slipper taught,
Finds lodgment in another spot;
So learning's seat, 't is plainly seen,
Lies at both ends and in between.

# Eyes

To my Niece, Miss Hazel Mills Dolph

■ ■ ■

YES that have looked into mine as a child,
Eyes that reflected the Heaven's own blue,
Eyes of my mother so gentle and mild,
Eyes that were loving and tender and true.

Eyes that have looked into mine as a man,
Eyes with the modest wood violet's hue,
Eyes of my wife, which with love overran
Filling my heart with a joy ever new.

Eyes that have looked into mine day by day,
As my Summer has passed and Winter come on,
Eyes of my children, whose love lights the way,
Left lonely and sad by the eyes that are gone.

Eyes that now lovingly look into mine,
Thine eyes, that are dark as the plumes of the night,
God grant that happiness ever may shine,
In the eyes that are dark and the eyes that are light.

It is not the eyes but the heart that I see,
Sending its message the soul windows through.
Loving and sweet is that message to me,
Through eyes that are dark and eyes that are blue.

# The Discontented Puppy

HERE once was a puppy, that took it to heart,
To think that his head and his tail were apart,
So he sought to bring them together.
Philosopher-like he thought the thing out,
It could surely be done by turning about,
And so, he would bring them together.

He turned himself 'round like a pig in a fit,
But it helped the matter never a bit,
His tail, it hung behind him.
And still he turns, forevermore,
And his tail it hangs where it hung before,
His tail still hangs behind him.

# Before a Grate Fire

O you suppose that anyone knows,
How many ills, how many woes,
Are put to flight, like an army of foes,
When we sit in our armchair and
toast our toes?

With tired body in sweet repose,
Through every vein the warm blood flows,
Bringing content wherever it goes,
While we sit in our armchair and toast our toes.

But the time will come when you and I
Have drained the cup of vitality dry,
Then the blood is thin, but it faster flows,
When we sit in our armchair and toast our toes.

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